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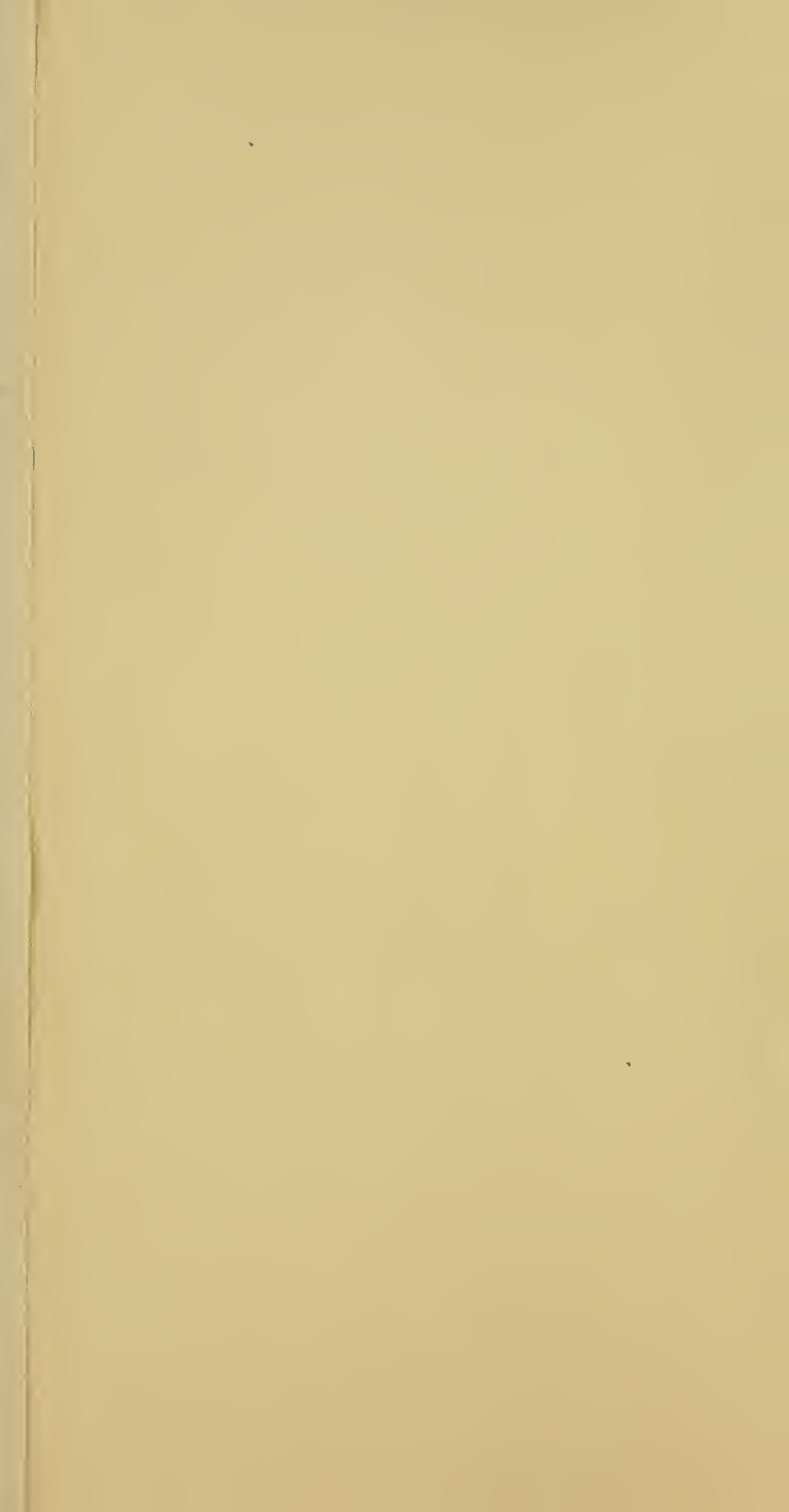
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From Dawn to Dusk

WILLIAM DARIUS FISHER





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by

William Darius Fisher



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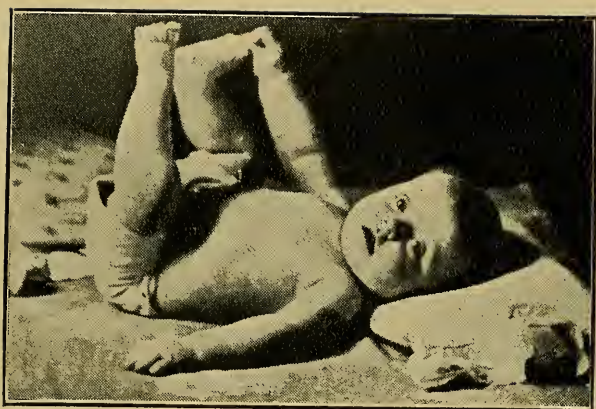
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Frequent demands have been made upon us for a copy of this lecture, and in order to comply with these requests, and to make it possible that it may reach a greater number of people, we have decided to publish this little volume, and offer it to the public, trusting that its influence may be in some degree commensurate with the desire on our part to carry the cheer, to disseminate the truth, to gladden the heart, and to inspire to noble endeavor all to whom "these presents shall come." This lecture is prepared for us by Mr. Fisher, and is the same lecture that is delivered by him from the platform.

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Though I loved her with all my heart, yet feeling that in her life I did not plant as many flowers as I should have done, I was not as thoughtful as I should have been,—just a wayward, erring boy,—causing her many heartaches, being the burden of many prayers, and realizing that whatever merit there may be in this little volume, or in me, is due to her and the One in whom she ever trusted, and now when it is too late, and the opportunity of bringing more sunshine into her life is gone, I wish to plant and dedicate this little flower to the memory of that one who first sang to me the lullabies in infancy; who in childhood taught me, led me, loved me, and who, in my youth when just at the threshold of life, was called away, leaving to me that most glorious of all inheritances—the memory of a beautiful life—a benediction of love, gentleness and Christian fortitude,—my Mother.

THE AUTHOR.



KING SOL—THE SON

The Morning

SUNRISE



HOSE who visit the famous pleasure resort of Colorado will hardly feel satisfied to return unless they ascend to the summit of Pike's Peak and view for once the glorious sunrise. Photographers have used all the skill in their art in attempting to reproduce the picture; painters and artists from every part of the land have gathered there to catch the inspiration it affords; scientists, statesmen and the world's greatest men have stood upon its snow-capped summit and gazed upon the magnificent panorama, and acknowledged their inability to conceive of language sufficient to give half justice to a description of the scene.

When you see the first hint of morning, and cast a glance towards the west, you imagine that a great battle is about to take place, and the darkness on one side is gathering its forces together behind the mountain as its breastworks, and a pitched battle ensues in which it is hard to tell which will obtain the mastery; but after a few moments of cannonading, you see the forces of darkness retreat behind the peak, and hide themselves from the face of their combatant, who comes,

flushed with the radiance of victory, crowned with a halo of royalty, and resumes sway of its rightful possessions. You see the break of morning, the tiny clouds that float out against the blue summer skies, which seem to have stolen from the rainbow its delicate coloring, and you catch the first glimpse of the sun's soft beams that are reflected from the snow crystals like so many diamonds, and the world around you is a mass of beautiful coloring, at which you can only stop and view with wonder and admiration the magnificent picture.

In all ages of the world, the sun has been a mystery to mankind. When the Creator made the firmament and placed therein the greater light to rule by day and the lesser light to rule by night, and declared that the evening and the morning was one day, he builded wiser than weak human thought has ever been able to conceive. When Joshua, Israel's leader, called upon the sun to stand still in the heavens until he smote the enemy of God's chosen people, it is said that it obeyed his voice. At that great crisis in the world's history when the Saviour of mankind was crucified, we are told that the sun hid its face and darkness was over the land, and its light was withdrawn from the awful picture. In all ages of the world, in pagan lands, there have ever been those who have deified the sun and worshipped it as their god.

Life has been compared to a day. The three periods of life have been designated as Morning, Noon and Evening. Morning, the period of childhood and youth; Noon, the period of mature manhood; Evening, that of old age. We cannot say that one is more important than the other; each is so full of its opportunities and responsibilities.



MORNING GLORIES



MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

The Morning of Life. What a world of memories; what trains of thought it brings to our minds. It may carry us back to the land of Sunny Tennessee, In Old Kentucky, 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia, or 'Way Down Upon the Suwanee River, but no matter where, the visions are the same. The hills we used to climb, the meadows where the cattle grazed, the branches we used to wade, the creeks where we used to fish,

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every fond spot that our infancy knew.
The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket,
The iron-bound bucket, which hung in the well."

What would you give for a draught from that old oaken bucket? or from the old spring on the hillside, where the cool, sparkling water came out through the crevices in the rocks, amid the ferns and flowers, and ran on, meandering down the hillside, through the skirt of woods, and the meadow to the creek; you knew every turn it made; here is where you made your little wheels and put them in the stream and had them turn by the falls; many times during the hot summer days have you sat upon its bank, and with your brown legs bare to the knees, have you dangled them in the clear, running brook, and watched the pink toes wiggle in the water. You can almost scent the perfume of the sweet shrub and the haw bush as it comes wafted to you from the memories of long ago. You can hear the song of the mock bird and meadow lark as they tuned their notes in unison with your childish laughter, with the voice of the babbling brook and the chimes of the merry springtime.

Did you ever go to mill, with your sack of corn across old Beck, half on one side and half

on the other, and you sitting upon the sack? You remember when the old thing got out of balance, and there was too much corn on one side and it fell off, and you had to wait until some one came along and put your sack on again for you.

AUNT FEROBY'S JACK-'O-LANTERN

Did you ever go out into the back yard down to the Negro cabin, and hear the old-time darkies talk of their childhood, and tell tales and ghost stories? I know you have heard them tell about Jack-'o-Lanterns; but you ought to have heard Aunt Feroby tell about the one that got her one night. Here they are seated around the fire in the old time fireplace; Aunt Feroby is on one side and Uncle Joe, who is smoking his cob pipe, sitting on the other, and the little pickaninnies are sitting and lying promiscuously on the floor. She says:

"One dark night, I had to go ober to Mr. Jones's across the big creek, and just when I got down dere by dat little thicket, dere where Uncle Sebe killed dat rabbit, I seed somethin' comin' towards me, and I didn't know what it was, and I stopped; and den I says I ain't a gwiner git scared at anything like dat, and so I started on a little further, and the thing started on towards me; and I got scared and thought I would turn around and go back home, and I found my feet was tied and I couldn't move; and den this thing come on up to me, and cotch hold o' me and he says: 'Whar's you gwine?' And I says, 'I is jest gwyin' ober to Mr. Jones's to tell him to come ober and help us kill hogs tomorrow;' and den he says, 'Come go wid me;' and I says, 'I ain't got no time to be foolin' long here wid you; I got to go home and tend to dem chillern.' And den de old thing cotch hold



MORNING DAISIES

o' my arm, and started on down towards the big creek, and den my feet come ontied, and I looked up at him and seed it was one o' dese here old jackomylanterns; his old head was kinder like a light, and his ole eyes was jest as big, and black and shiney."

"Git up from dar, Ephraim, and shet dat door," said Uncle Joe.

"And den it carried me on down fru de bottoms down dar to de creek, and I says: 'Look here, Mister, you not gwiner carry me down dere into dat water, is you?' De old thing didn't say nothin' but jest kep gwine right on down into de water. I pulled back but it didn't do no good. The water kep gettin' deeper and deeper; (uh, but dat water was cold) atter while it got right up around my neck and I thought I was gwiner drown sho' and I got scared I commenced to hollow, and den he ducked me down under de water, and den he fotched me up again; and den I thought de old jackomylantern was gwiner kill me whether or no; but den he fotch me on up out o' de water, and went on down fru de bottoms, and I heard a great big owl settin' right up on de limb ober my head halloo out: 'Oo, Oo, Oo, a.'"

"Ephum, didn't I tell you to shet dat do'! fasten dat dere latch on dere, too, nigger," said Uncle Joe.

"And den it carried me on down frough de woods, and on ober dere to de white-folks grave yard, and dat big new ground dere where dey planted corn last year, dat wasn't cleared up den, and he took me dere to dat grave yard, and put me in dat little house dere where dat old man is in his coffin; and den he went off somewhar, I dunno where he went, and he had me locked up dar wid dat dead man. And den I looked out and I seed a whole lot o' people comin' up on de out-side, and dey all had white sheets wrapped all

'round 'em, and some of them didn't have no hands on, and some didn't have no heads on but dey was jest walkin' around dere; and den I looked out dere, and I seed dat man dat was killed ober on the Easom place, I seed him jest as plain as I see you dere now; and den terrectkly dere come a man up dere and he had his head cut right off at his neck, and he was totin' it along in his hands, and he come in dat room dar where I was, and ah, man sir, I got so skeered, I got so skeered, I jes fell in de floor, and didn't know nothin' till about day de next mornin' and den somebody had done come dere and had opened de do' and let me out, and den I went on home."

MOTHER'S GOODNIGHT

Then it was that you heard mother's voice calling you, and you ran into the house, fearing that all the while Aunt Feroby's jack-o'-lantern would get you, but when you got with mother then you felt safe. After saying your prayers, and while mother was putting you to bed, you looked up at her innocently, and said: "Mother, will jack-o'-lanterns kill people?" and mother said, "No," wondering what prompted your question. Then after tucking the covers lovingly, as only mother can, she bends down over your pillow, and with eyes expressive of all tenderness and love, kisses you fondly goodnight. Ah, little one, as your head rests upon that downy pillow, and receives the loving caresses, you cannot realize the tenderness of those hands, the sweetness of that kiss, the depth of that love; but in after years when you grow older, when you know more of life's cares and disappointments, you understand her better. It may be that it is when her form lives only in memory, but the time will come when you love to live over again these fond goodnights, these loving benedictions.



CHILDHOOD

UNCLE JACK'S SERMON

You remember the time when mother went to town one evening and left you down at Aunt Calline's house, and the big Negro camp meeting was going on, and she took you over there with her. Uncle Jack was up preaching; he took his text and said: "I'm gwiner preach to you tonight 'bout old man Prodigal and his son, Jim Prodigal. He was de boy you know what got tired o'stayin' at home and went ober into a fer country, and de ole man didn't know whar de kid had gone; he went ober dar you know and got him a job fum an ole feller a feedin' hogs. Now de Scripture don't say nothin' bout what kinder wages de boy got, he might a been a workin' fer his vittals and clothes, but dere is one thing sho' he didn't git much to eat, fer he got to eatin' up de hog feed dat de ole man had fer de hogs. Jim got to thinkin' 'bout dem big punkin pies dat his modder used to make, and dem big flap jacks and de sorghum molasses, and dem big water melons dat de ole man would have ober dere in de patch about dis time o' de year, and he says, 'I'm gwine back home'. And so he started, and when ole man Prodigal seed him coming down de big road, he knowed it was Jim. What did he do? Did he go out and git him a hickory and say 'I'm gwiner beat dat boy,' like some o' you ole fellers would a done? No, he went out dere and met de boy way down de big road, he seed dat his clothes wus all torn, and his shoes had run down at de heels and he got sorry fer de boy, and he fotch him in de house and dey rustled around and got some clothes fer him, and dey put some shoes on his feet and dey went out and killed ole Spot's big fat calf, and dey jest had a big hullabaloo, yes, dey jest had a big time. And what do you reckon, ole man Prodigal's other

son, he kinder got hot and got mad at de ole man; what for? cause he never had given him a big dinner. Now what wus de matter wid him? Didn't he git as much to eat as any body? Course he did. What did de ole man do wid him? Did he go in dar and rech up behind de do', and take down dat strap and take him out dere in de back yard and fix him like you'd a done. No, he didn't do dat. He went out dere and showed him all dem cattle dat he had out dere on de hills, and said, 'Boy, didn't you know dat dey wus all yourn.'

"Now don't you know dat de whole Prodigal family wus Niggers; course dey wus Niggers. Don't you know if dat had a been a white boy dere would a been no danger of him a starvin' to death ober dere where all dem hogs wus, as long as dey had good hams on 'em. Dat ole Nigger wus all de time a lookin' fer chicken roosts, and you know dere wusn't no chickens ober dere where all dem hogs wus. So you know dese folks wus Niggers.

"Now Brederen, I wants to tell you, dat we has all been out a feedin' de devil's hogs; all you bin a gittin' was your board and clothes and you didn't git dat; don't you want to go back home; you know you bin a doin' wrong, and when you go ober dere, Ole Master ought to give you a beatin' fer de way you been a livin', but he not gwiner do it. He gwiner take off de ole clothes and put on de new ones, he gwiner put shoes on your feet, he gwiner put rings on your fingers, er. What are you stayin' ober here a starvin' to death, when way ober yonder dere is so much good to eat, er. Oh, Brederen, er, don't you know, er, and to speak er figuratively, er, we have ober dere great big fields o' water melons, we hain't got no little patches, er, de whole country is alive wid 'simmon trees and de possums grow so fat you don't have to climb de trees to catch 'em er, ain't you done tired a livin' on de husks

dat is fer de hogs, er; don't you want to go back home; sholy you don't want to stay ober here a workin' fer de devil any longer; de ole Ark is ready to carry you ober; you don't have to walk back like ole Jim Prodigal, but de old Ark will carry you ober; dere is room for you and more too. I want you to sing a song and come up here and git on board. Git on board Children, git on board." And they started up the old song: "The Old Ark's a Movin', Move Along Children," and the hallelujahs of the old darkies lasted until way in the night.

The boys who have been reared in the South may forget some of their relatives close to them by ties of blood, but there are some of their old dark-skinned Uncles and Aunts whose memory will ever remain fresh in their minds, whom but to recall brings upon them a hallowed benediction.

AUNT LILA'S PRAYER

Now it is with no thought of appearing sacrilegious that we have presented the sermon of old Uncle Jack, because we are far from such intention. The old time Negro in his worship was simple, but truly sincere. During the war of 1861, when the call was made for enlistment of service in the Confederate army, a man residing in the South was forced to leave his sick wife and two little children, in order that he might fight for his country, and he went to his old and only servant, Aunt Lila, and after telling her that he must leave them in obedience to the call, told her he wanted her to take care of and look after his family while he was gone; that she had been faithful all the years, and that she was the only one he had to look to to take care of them. He went his way responsive to the demands of the law, but old Aunt

Lila, in her devotion and faithfulness, felt the weight of responsibility upon her, and after the day's work was over, and the little ones had been lovingly rocked to sleep in the old wooden rocker, and put to bed, and the wants of the invalid mother attended to, she sought the quietude of her humble cabin, and kneeled at her bedside and prayed: "O, Lord, I'se nothin' but a poor ole Nigger; Massa has done gone and left us, and poor Missus is sick, and her and de little chillern ain't got no body to look attar them but you and me. Lord, I'se gwiner do my part; you knows dat I love you, and I knows dat you loves me, and I knows if we does what's right, you gwiner do your part. So help us Lord to do de right."

Historians of the South may in after years forget to record many prominent events in her history, they may forget the famous battle grounds where the blood of her heroes was spilt, but they will never forget the love and loyalty of the old darkey who protected their loved ones at home when they were in the war.

BOYS AND MULES

Someone has said that the greatest institution on earth is a boy. Probably that is true; if there is any greater one, then it must be a girl. Just a common every day sort of a boy; that is the kind. Their faces may be one continuous round of freckle; their noses may turn up at the end, or lie flat on their faces, but they are alright. They may be red-headed, cross-eyed, ugly as any little monkey you ever saw, but they will do; these things will all come out in the wash. What buds of promise these boys are, what latent forces are wrapped up in their natures; little storage batteries of energy, which if directed

in proper channels, will develop and bless the world.

Once the Negroes had a debating society down in Texas, and this is one of the subjects they discussed: "Which is de most benefit, a boy or a mule." Old Josh Williams was up discussing the question and said:

"I am on de firmative side of dis question, dat is dat de boy is de mos' benefit; now which is de mos' benefit, him or de mule? Why ob course de boy is, but when we git to studyin' about dis question, dere's a whole lot of dissimilarity atween de boy and de mule, and it's a putty hard question to handle. Dere is one thing we got to study 'bout and dat is dis: whut kind of a boy is you talkin' about? Is yer talkin' about a white boy, or a nigger boy; and den again, is yer talkin' about a mule dat belongs to a white man, or a mule dat belongs to a nigger? Dere is all de difference in de world in bofe of dem.

"Now in de first place let us discuss de pints of dissimilarity. Which is de biggest? If I was to ax you dat question, honorable judges, you would just about say dat de mule wus de biggest, but you'd be wrong in dat conclusion; folks can't go by 'pearances all de time, and specially when dey talkin' 'bout boys and mules. Why I wus ober at de county seat de oder day and I heard an awful smart 'oman a talkin'. I think her name was Eddy somebody, and she was talkin' 'bout folks and she say it was whut folks thought that counted, and not de way things look like; she say dat a man didn't git sick. No, he don't git sick; ef he's big enough fool to think he's sick, den he was sick; and ef he thought he was well, den he'd be well again. Now I'd like to know who eber seed a boy who didn't actually think he was bigger dan a mule, and if he thinks so, den dat is jest what he is.

"Now let us take up de second pint of dissimilarity. De mule is hard-headed, dat's one thing sho; but he ain't got no edge ober de boy. You sometimes hear white folks talkin' bout dat boys ought not to be whipped, and dat you ought not to whup a mule; you never heard any niggers talkin' dat away though; but when dey say dat, dey don't know what dey talkin' bout; dey say you got to rule 'em wid kindness; well dat is one thing dat neider one of dem don't know nothin' about, and more dan dat, dey don't want to know nuffin' about it. If you git along wid eider one of 'em you got to whup 'em to make 'em mind, and you not gwiner git along wid 'em widout you do.

"Now anoder point of dissimilarity between 'em is dis: neider one of 'em is a fool; dey both got plenty sense, and you got to be pretty sharp or dey'll bofe git ahead o' you every time. I got a mule and when he's at work a plowin' when de horn blows for dinner he's done stop right dar, and dey ain't no gittin' 'im to de de end of de row; he's gwiner stay right dere and until dem harness is taken off'n him, and den he goes to de lot. It's de same way wid de boy; dey bofe love to eat, and if dere is anything on de place dat looks like somethin' to eat, dey bofe gwiner have it. Dat ole mule can open any crib door you ever seed; dere's no use to go to de trouble a feedin' him; all you want is to have de feed on de place, he'll git it. And if dere is anything in de cupboard you may know de boy's gwiner have it."

The judges afterwards retired to consider the question and gave in this decision: "We de judges of dis question have considered both sides, and we don't see how we could git along widout de boy or de mule eider. We have to have de mule to pull de plow and de boy to do de plowin'; we have de mule to pull de



A MID-MORNING SUNBEAM

wagen and de boy to do de drivin'; so what you gwiner do widout bofe ov 'em; one ain't no count widout de other; you got to git another question; dis question can't be decided fer eider one ov 'em, or again eider one ov 'em."

While the old darkey may have been correct in some of his conclusions in regard to boys and mules and their points of similarity, he seemed to dwell upon the bad qualities, but in doing that probably he was only carrying out a characteristic of the human family, if we are not careful to guard against it, of seeing the bad qualities and overlooking the good ones.

APPLES OF GOLD

Glorious period of childhood and youth; how beautiful in its retrospection; how great the possibilities; what visions of hope lie out upon life's pathway. It is like looking through a kaliedoscope; you see beautiful forms, clothed in various colors; with another turn of the glass, the forms change, but the colors seem more variegated and brighter than before. So does the youth look at life. There in nothing upon the vast horizon to mar the picture. If perchance a cloud appears, the brightness of the morning sun penetrates it, and the result is as the old saying, "Apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Childhood and youth! fain would welinger in thy threshold, but Father Time, the Grim Reaper, hurries us on, willing or unwilling, down the pathway of life. Often have I thought that if we, like Joshua of old, could call upon the sun of life while yet in its morning splendor, to stay its course for an unlimited season, how grand and beautiful it would be. Or if indeed, we could discover that fabled fountain of youth, what blessings it would give to humanity! But are we sure

of that? Probably and no doubt, it is best as it is. If we are to judge by the experience the past has given us, then we might think that if that fountain of youth should be discovered, some fellow would get in his graft, and get the controlling stock, and it would be only a few of the wealthy aristocrats who would be able to take a bath, and the common people like we are would be left out entirely.

THE OLD NEGRO'S PHILOSOPHY

I don't know but what there is a good deal of truth in the old negro's philosophy. He said: "I dunno what dis here world's a comin' to. Dey jest keep me skeered to death all de time. I'm afeard dis ole world's gwiner blow up jes' any time. Didn't you hear bout dat big volcano dey had ober dar somewhar not long ago; yes, it jes blowed up and kill a whole lot o' people. You know God A'mighty made dis earf, and He made it kinder round, and it turns on it's axle; well dis axle you know runs down through de middle of de earf, and He put de oil down in around dis axle to keep it greased wid, so it would run alright. And now ole man Rockefeller, and dem oder big fellers dey been borin' way down in dar, and takin out dat oil dat de Lord put down in dere, to keep de axle greased wid, and now de ole world's out o' grease, and we got a hot box, and I don't petend to say what gwiner be de consequences. It's done got hot down in dere, and dere's no tellin' whut gwiner happen. I knows some-thin' bout dese here hot boxes, and I tells you dey are kinder dangerous. I used to haul logs to de mill wid three yoke o' steers, and one morning I fergot to grease my wagon, and atter we got to de mill and onloaded, de old steers took a notion dey wanted to go home, and dey started, and I hollered at old Tom

and Buck dat was in de lead to wo' but dey wouldn't wo', and jest kep a travellin', and I took attar them, but de faster I run, de faster dey did too, and den pretty soon dey got a hot box, and dat old wagen got on fire, and den, ah man sir, dem old steers got skeered sho' nuff, and dey run so fast I couldn't keep in sight ov 'em but when I did catch up wid old Tom, all dere was left of dat wagon was de axle, de rest had done burned up; now, I tell you, if de white folks don't put a stop to dis business, I'm afeared dat Ole Moster sometimes gwiner find out he ain't got nuthin' left of dis ole earf, but de axle."



THE NOONTIDE

The Noontide

THE BATTLE



THE noontide of life is the period of labor; it's the time when we must awaken from the dreams of youth, and step out upon the open, ready for the warfare, to fight the battles of life. Here is where we meet its realities face to face; it is important that we be well drilled soldiers. Many are those, who, when they have confronted the enemy, when they have heard the clang of armor, when they have heard the roar of shot and shell, have given up in despair, and gone down in hopeless defeat. But the soldier must be courageous, must be strong. Then we see the importance of instilling into the youth the vim, the fire, the enthusiasm, the strength sufficient for the warfare. Tell him in accents unmistakable of the glory that awaits the man who is true; tell him of the laurels that crown the victor; hold up to his vision the high ideals of life, and imbue his very being with the inspiration that will lead him on to a pure, high and noble life.

HIGH IDEALS

Say what you will, one's life, to a great extent, is the realization of his own ideals.

We cannot estimate the influence that our ideals have in shaping our lives. As sure as the stream that comes from yonder hillside, and flows on down, and never reaches a point higher than its source, so sure will the young man whose mind is not engrossed with worthy aims of life, never attain any marked degree of success. He may have wandered in the mystic land of dreams, and in the hour of fond anticipation have builded some magnificent castles upon the mountain peaks as a dwelling place for the future. Hope may have hung therein her golden censers ready for his coming, and though the architect of these aerial structures may never dwell in his coveted possessions, yet the light, resplendent in its beauty, ever burning upon its altars, will lead him to heights perhaps none the less lofty, to honors none the less renowned.

Look to it, that your ideals are high. The boy will see a fellow sitting reared back, chewing tobacco, spittin' red, and he will imagine he is grinding out philosophy by the chunk; he will see a man smoking a cigar, and will watch the smoke curling above his head in beautiful ringlets, and the idea forms in his mind, that's a man after his own heart; he will see a cowboy with big spurs on his feet, about three fingers under his belt, riding a pitching broncho, and he imagines a plumed knight returning from the field of chivalry; his ideal on the school ground is the boy who can lick all the others; that good-looking boy, the young gentleman of leisure, who stands on the street corners, and is so adept at twirling the cigarettes, is the hero of his dreams.

Ah, implant within him the seeds of higher ideals. Tell him rather of the boy Moses, who when he came to manhood turned aside from a life of ease and pleasure, as a prince in

the courts of royalty, to serve and bear the afflictions of his oppressed people; tell him of the old Roman, of whom it was said: "Sooner had the sun change his course than he turn from the path of honor." Tell him of Garfield who said in his youth, that the first thing he would try to be was a man, and after attaining that exalted position was made a president of the United States; tell him of the men made famous in song and story for their noble deeds and acts of heroism, and who have blessed the world with their labors.

WEATHER PROPHETS

There are weather prophets all along the way; you will find them on every hand. If you are going somewhere, and want the day to be clear and bright, they will tell you the elements portend a storm, or that there is sure to be rain; if the dust is blowing and the crops are needing rain, they will tell you there is going to be a long dry spell, and there is always an atmosphere of darkness and of impending disasters that surround their vision. Many bright hopes have been shattered, many lives have been blighted, many hearts have been saddened by these weather prophets who told their tales of woe, who sang their songs of death and disappointment to the hopes of young men. How much better it would have been to have given them encouragement, to have given them a smile rather than a frown.

It is said of the travellers in crossing the Alps, that their journey is over a succession of peaks, and that as they, weary and footsore, by clinging to the rocks and bushes along the way, reach the top of each peak, sit down to rest, and look back upon the comrades below, and shout to each other a note of gladness, which lends encouragement to the ones

below. Ah, if in the journey through life, as you climb its mountain steep, and look back over the dangers and difficulties encountered along the way, you will shout a song of gladness and encouragement, you will look over the chasms and see only the peaks, how much more your life will mean to those who travel with you, and how much easier can those comrades overcome those difficulties which beset their pathway in life.

A DINNER WITH YOUR COUNTRY NEIGHBOR

We cannot over-estimate the value of an education in discussing the qualities that go to make a successful life. In this the twentieth century, when there are so many institutions of learning, so many public libraries, there is no reason why any young man should not obtain at least a good common school education. And yet with a public school at every cross road, and with all the light of the century, you sometimes find people who are grossly ignorant. Did you ever live way out in the country? You remember that old fellow who used to live over there in the forks of the creek; let's go over and take dinner with him. There he is sitting on the front steps of the old country log house; he has on the same slouch hat, the hickory shirt, the cottonade pants and the brogan shoes that you used to see him wear. You ride up to the gate.

"Light; well, I hain't seed you since the woods wus burnt; not since Bulger was a pup; wher did you come from; how's your folks?

"Tolerable? We are tolerable; some o' the chillern's been ailin', but nothin' more'n common. I wus jest a tellin' Nancy as how you hadn't been over here for a good bit. Whar'd you git that horse; is he swappin' stock? Now I've got a horse that'll out travel

him two to one; he's only five year old too; and there ain't nary blemish on him nother. I don't believe that's quite as good a horse as fust thought he was; look at his wethers; looks like he might be string halted. Thar's Nancy callin' us to dinner, let's go in and have a snack.

"Nancy, here's our old neighbor."

"Hiday, how's your folks; tolerable? We are tolerable; dinner is ready, and you might as well set up to the table; we hain't got much fitten' to eat, but I guess how it will hope to keep a body alive, and we think as long as we are livin' we are gettin' along pretty well. Have a seat at the fur end of the table. Billy you'll have to wait; Ide, you set down on that box; Sally, you set over thar on that bench with Johnny; git out of here Bulger, (kicking him, bow-bow). I never could stand to have a dog a scratchin' their fleas when a person was trying to eat their vittals. Jest rech over thar and hope yourself, if you find anythin fittin'. Our folks are powerful poor hands to wait on a body; when they git to the table, the only ones they think about is theyselves. Old man, pass that fry; it does look lak you would pass somethin' to other people to eat. If a body would wait on any of you to pass 'em anything they would starve to death I am sure. Johnny, put down that cat; don't you know you'll git hairs all in the vittals; it looks lak I never can learn you chillern manners.

"How's your ma? I never see you but what I think of the time you got that whup-pin' for mashin' the cat's tail, and makin' him squall in church that day. Johnny, don't take the last piece of meat in the plate."

"Well, ma, I ain't had but one piece."

"That makes no difference; one piece a meat is enough for any body, let 'lone a boy lak you.

"Say, you never is heard Ide sing thet song she learned last summer is you? She got the ballet to it last summer when she was up at Blue Ridge a visitin' her uncle. What's the name of it, Ide?"

" 'Little Gypsies Warnin'. There's a nuther song I heard that I think is mighty pretty, but I couldn't git the ballet to it. The name of it was "Barney McCoy," and it sho is pretty."

"Say, has Miss Liza got married yit? No, well I lowed she'd a been married long a fore this; I always thought she was a lakly gal, and these youngsters never would a let her be an old maid.

"Whatever become of Mr. Johnsing?"

"I knowed it; I knowed Nancy would ast you about him; I jest been a settin' here waitin'; I knowed she'd git around to it terreckly; He used to kind o' spark her you know."

"Now, Zed, I jest want you to shet your mouth; you always got to go and tell some-thin'."

Seeing Billy was getting a little restless, you push back your chair, and after spending an hour or two, and talking horse trade with the old man, and after hearing Ide sing, you bid them good day.

There is no reason why there is such a lack of education among some people as you will find it today; it seems that more could be obtained by absorption, if in no other way.

OBSTACLES

Edgar Allan Poe in his "Adventures of A. Gordon Pym," tells of his hero having been shipwrecked, and the passengers finally having to draw lots as to which of the survivors should furnish their bodies for the sustenance of the lives of the others, and



AN AFTERNOON STUDY

when they were almost starved, and hope of rescue almost vanished, they saw in the distance a vessel coming in their direction, and their hearts were once more elated with hope, and they with eagerness watched the vessel as it came nearer and nearer, and as it came nearer them, they saw that the vessel was filled with passengers, and a man standing at the helm, who seemed to be waving frantically at them, and they with hearts filled with joy returned the signal of rescue, and as the boat came near them, an awful stench filled their nostrils, and they saw that every person on board the vessel was dead, and the cause of the girations of the man at the helm was by a large stork eating on the body. So it is in life. There are times when the heart fills with bright hopes, fond anticipations, that cheer and gladden us upon the sea of life, but as we near their goal, the bubble bursts, the identity is revealed, and that which we took to be bread becomes a stone, and that which we thought to be a fish becomes a serpent.

But we must not let these things discourage us; obstacles will come in our way, but if we are persistent in going ahead, we can overcome them.

Man needs some of the hardening influences that the world will give him; he needs to brush up against the rough places. One of Will N. Harbin's characters says: "Thar never was a quicker way to kill courage in a fellow, than to fight his fights fer him."

THE GOAL OF LIFE

What is the goal of life? Did you ever sit upon the street corner of some crowded thoroughfare, and watch the people as they pass, and study their faces and characters. Here you will see life in all its varieties. You

see the millionaire and the pauper; the minister and the thug; the boy and the girl; the young and the old; all seem to be in one mad rush, and to each one, involuntarily, you propound this question: What are you seeking? What is your goal in life?

And were they to answer that question, every one, necessarily, would give you the same answer, and that would be "Happiness."

Do their faces show them to be happy?

You see the man of wealth, the millionaire; there seems to be something continually upon his mind; business problems that you cannot fathom, and they seem to leave upon his face the marks of vexation.

You see the politician; is *he* happy? He may wear the stereotyped smile, but behind that you have a glimpse of the war that wages within. Before his vision is one continual stream of grafters, office-seekers, opponents, and every other agency that seeks to take away from him that which he would most desire.

You see the thug, the drunkard, the criminal, and ask yourself the question: Are they happy? If misery can be written upon the human face, if unadulterated woe can be depicted in the features of man, this is where you find it.

Who is this you see coming down the street; why that is the man who clerks in the grocery store on the corner. He is going home; I wonder why he looks so pleasant; he has several bundles; I wonder what it is he has; there's a little doll; I see a little red cap, I'm sure that is for some little boy; he has some candy and other things, and there he goes on down the street, happy as can be, wondering and thinking of the glad faces that will greet him at home.

Who is this you see coming down the street; is she laughing? No, it seems so at first, but

it is only her face beaming with joy. Why, it's a little girl; she has a basket on her arm, and some flowers. I wonder where she is going. There she goes tripping along down the street, happy as the day is long, and each one she meets she greets with a ray of sunshine that is reflected in his face. There she turns up the alley; she stops at the little hut on the corner; that is the old rag-picker's hut; she opens the door and goes in; she has some delicacies from mother's table for the old rag-picker who is sick, and some flowers too. Ah, methinks I hear the rustle of angels' wings, and I see a gleam of heaven in her eyes, as the old woman gives her blessing.

Think of these things and ask yourself the question: What is the goal of life, how is it obtained—how is it realized?

The happiest man is the one who renders the greatest service, the one who relieves the most burdens, the one who does the most for others. These are the ones that are of all the most truly happy; the ones that get the most there is of life.

TRUE GREATNESS

There has been an idea, probably, in all ages of the world that great men were only among the warriors who distinguished themselves in battle; that in order to be great one must occupy some high position in the halls of government; some think that when one becomes a congressman in the National Legislature, or a member of the Senate, that of itself is greatness. The position a man occupies is not *prima facie* evidence of greatness. There are some men who have held the highest positions, and yet have had the blackest hearts. The biographers of Jesse James and his band of outlaws held them up as great men, and their history they entitled:

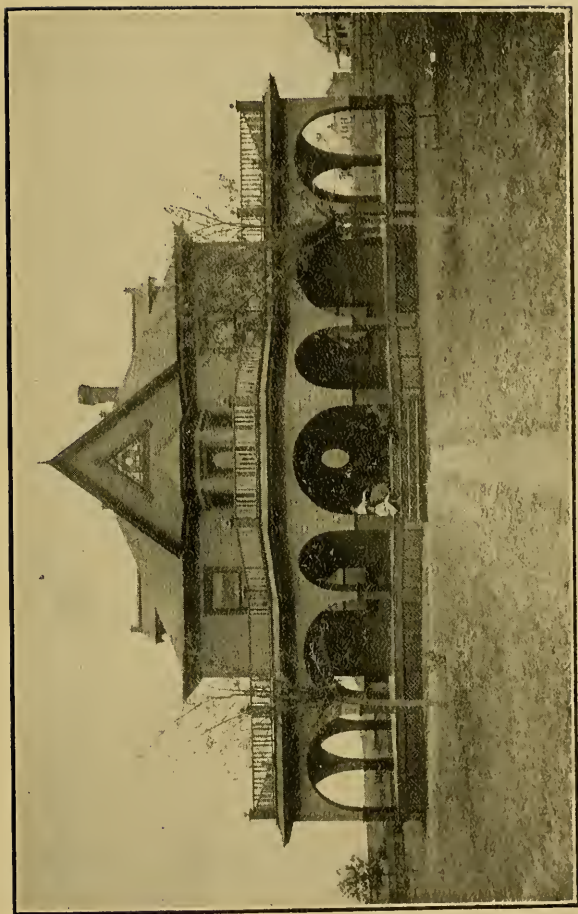
"Heroes of the Plains." Ah, well hath Pope said: "'Tis phrase absurd to call a villian great." Greatness is not measured by position, it is not gauged by wealth; it is not designated by the commendation of the capitalist, nor by the cry of the populace; greatness is measured by the magnanimity of soul; by the power of influence for good; by the service rendered mankind; by the use of the gifts heaven has bestowed upon us, whether it be wealth, whether it be knowledge, or whatever blessing it may be, by using it to bless the world.

Inherited wealth is not always a blessing to its possessor; oftentimes it is a curse. Michaels the author of "Bruver Jim's Baby" says: "The fellow who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, always wants to put it into every other fellow's puddin'."

OPPORTUNITY

One of the greatest mottoes that was ever given to the world, was that of the immortal Davy Crockett: "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." Before taking action, it is so necessary that your decision should be the result of thought, and that it is right, and when once made, plumb the line to its fulfillment. George W. Harris, the murderer, who was electrocuted in New York several years ago, in his last hours when looking far away at the blue skies through the bars and the window near his cell, was heard to say in tones that came from the depths of despair, "Oh, if I had known!" No one, but his unfortunate soul, will ever know the full meaning those words were to him.

The most important question that should be upon the mind of the teacher today is, how to impress the mind of the young man with the importance of life's opportunities. In the



HOME

full vigor of youth, in the full strength of manhood, at the noon-tide hour, how can we show them the necessity of taking advantage of these opportunities, and turning aside from the crooked paths. Oh, for the power to so indelibly impress upon the mind of young manhood, that picture that comes upon the vision of the old man, who at last, when the hour glass runs low, and there are only a few sands at best to go through, at the end of a misspent life, as he sits in the shadow of a bitter past, and looks back at the parting of the ways, where he took the wrong road, and he sees the neglected opportunities, and thinks of what might have been.

AN OLD COUPLET

A beautiful thought is expressed in that old couplet:

“Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

“We must write the music whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or metre,
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.”

A short time ago, the famous singer, Madam Calve, was crossing the Atlantic, and a fierce hurricane took their vessel, lashed it in the storm, and the passengers were terrified and were looking every moment for their vessel to be dashed to pieces, and their lives lost upon the deep; and when all was in consternation and peril, she stood in the vessel and clung to one of the piers, and sang in that sweet voice and with the pathos that only such an occasion could afford, some old sweet song, and there was a calm that settled down upon the

passengers whom nothing on earth could have pacified, save the singer and the song.

Ah, if, in the voyage through life, in foul or in fair weather, either in the calm or in the storm, our life is so mellowed in its tones, so pleasant in its expression, so kindly in its bearing, so gentle in its ministry, that its influence goes out like some soft, sweet music and allays the perils of the storms that beat around us, and soothes the aching hearts, and its vibrations awaken finer feelings, purer motives, higher ideals, nobler purposes in the human heart, then indeed will the conception of the poet as expressed in the old couplet be realized, and life will be a glad song.

A DISSERTATION ON LOVE

Did you ever hear the darkey's dissertation on love. It is something like this:

"I tell you people is mighty curis; and I don't know but what de white folks is more curis dan de niggers. But I can tell when dey in love; shu, dey can't fool me; I just knows a nigger better'n he knows hisself. You see a nigger never do tell a gal dat he likes her, or dat he's in love wid her. No, what he want to do dat for? And if he was to ax her what she gwiner tell him; how he gwiner know but whut she tell him a lie. De only way he gwiner know whether she cares anything fer him or not, is from what she does fer him; dat's it, what she does fer him. You see a nigger go to see a gal on a Sunday evening, in de summer time, and dey git out dere in de yard under de shade of a tree, and dat ole gal set way ober dere from him, and look at him and talk to him, shu, she don't care nothin' fer dat nigger; he jest as well go on off from dere; she not giwner care nuthin' fer him. But den let her git sorter clost up to him, and

not have nothin' to say, and not look at him, but once in awhile kinder show him de whites of her eyes, kinder dis way, den dat gal studyin' whether she don't like dat nigger; den again when you see her go into de house, and git de cotton cwards and come out dere, and she stan' up dere and comb his head wid de cotton cwards, den she likes him, and he's jest about de only nigger dere is to her, too. And den agin when you see 'em out dere, and she's lookin' his head, den dey in love; dat's what lookin' de head means wi' niggers.

"But de white folks is jest as curis as dey can be. I don't know whether I know much about now or not; dey lots different to what dey used to be; dey kinder keep me fooled. It used to be dat when de white folks loved one another, I could keep up wid 'em but I don't know whether I can now or not. It used to be dat a white boy never got to kiss his girl until atter he got married to her. No, sir, she wouldn't think about lettin' him do dat. Now it mought a been dat de last time he went to see her before dey got married, when dey got out dere on de porch and shook hands tellin' her good bye, dat he held her hand long enough fer it to be called holdin' hands. Den agin de times got so dat when de time had done been set fer de weddin' and all de clothes had been done bought, dat de last time he went to see her before dey gwiner git married, when de went to tell her good bye, dat she give him just one kiss, but dat was all; he couldn't git no more, no sir. But shu, you can't tell nothin' 'bout 'em now; kissin' don't mean nothin' to de white folks now, so dey tell me. All dey say now is dat dey just got to be a little sweet on one another, dats all."

A WORLD WITHOUT A SUN

"In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own,
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye,
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh,
Who hath not owned with rapture smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name."

And that name may be Mary, the commonest of all names, and yet with him

"The world was sad, this garden but a wild,
And he the hermit sighed until she smiled."

And as the poet so beautifully continues the story:

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man, a world without a sun."



THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY

The Evening

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY



THE Evening of Life. When the day's work is over, when the snows of many winters have whitened the brow, when the voice has grown faint, when the step is feeble, when the hand is tremulous, and the eyes have grown dim, then it is that you have come to the evening of life.

Did you ever hear an old man's soliloquy? One who had just about reached the end of life, when he was all alone with his own thoughts; then you will see and know him as he is. It is something like this:

"I guess I must be getting old; times are so different to what they used to be; I can get around alright yet; I'm not so feeble as they make out; why, no, I can get along alright yet.

"I was as strong as any of them in my younger days; yes; I beat them all lifting at the log-rolling that day; yes; that big fellow thought he could out-do me, but he couldn't do it; no, he couldn't do it. Let's see, was Mandy there? Yes, how come me to forget. Why that's the day we were all playing drop the handkerchief, and Mandy wouldn't play, and she went out and sat down on the wood-

pile, and I went out there and sat down beside her. Old Jim thought he could make her play, but she wouldn't do it, but just sat down there and talked to me. He thought he could cut me out but he couldn't do it, no, he couldn't do it. Let's see, that's been over fifty years ago; I can just see Mandy sitting on that log; that's the time she told me that she loved me. Ah, Mandy, I love you better than all the world; yes, I do; now you know I don't love Mollie; who told you that? You mustn't believe them dear; I love only you; now give me that kiss you promised me; yes, you did; you will not refuse me; ah, that's a sweet little girl. That's the same day she gave me this little curl; I had to beg hard for it, though, didn't I? But I have it yet; let's see; here it is. The day we were married she tried to take it away from me, but I wouldn't let her; I put it away and have kept it all these years. And that little picture; that's just like Mandy when she was a girl, and she always looked that way, yes; yes; why, she didn't look a day older when she died, and that has been pretty nigh twenty years ago.

"Poor me. They have all gone and left me; I havn't any one to love me now. Little Joe, he's gone too; he always thought so much of papa; I know he would love me were he living; let's see; he would be a man now; oh, yes, way past that; I forget. If only someone were here to love me, I would be better satisfied. The children seem to think Grand Pa is fogy; they don't like to talk to me; and it seems they would rather I was away. I wonder why no one seems to understand us when we are old; they say we are childish, why surely if we were, the little children would love to be with us when we are old; I guess they will not care when I am gone; no, I'll not say that; I'll not say that; but it won't be long; just a few more sorrows, just

a few more tears. I know Mandy will meet me; she told me when she left me, to meet her there; yes, I will; ah, methinks I can see her now waiting for me; yes, there she is; and little Joe is with her, and he's beckoning to me; yes, I'm coming; and Mother is there; why, mother's not old; people don't get old over there; Ah, how beautiful; eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived—listen! that sweet music—are those angels singing?—What was that they said? Well done, who? me? Faithful? Ah, mother that star in your crown, does it mean me? Blessed be His holy name!"

THE GOLDEN GATE

Travelers tell us they have stood in the Appian Way, and gazed upon the magnificent ruins of that once glorious city of the seven hills; they have glided tranquilly, in the entrancing gondola, down the streets of the beautiful city of Venice, where vine-clad villas remind them of the haunts of fairyland; they have stood beside the lakes of Bonnie Scotland, made famous in her poetry and song, and viewed the landscapes o'er and o'er; they have gone to the brink of Niagara, have heard the roar of the mighty cataract, have been refreshed in its spray, and have seen the rain-bow in the mist, but the most beautiful scene that nature furnishes to man is a sunset on the eastern shore of the Pacific.

The traveller to the land of the Orient crosses over the mountains, through the sandy deserts and the fertile valleys into the harbor, out through the Golden Gate, the only safe harbor on the coast; all other ways are doubtful, dangerous and uncertain; but through the Golden Gate the exit from this to the land of the Orient is safe and sure.

A GLORIOUS SUNSET

Standing upon the cliff above the Golden Gate, you see the sun just sinking in the west; it seems just ready to drop into the bosom of the calm Pacific; the trees cast their shadows far out on the hillside; the clouds now silver are changing into hues of crimson and gold; what a beautiful scene, what a magnificent picture. You turn again and the sun is gone, but it has left a halo of light throughout all nature. Silently the stars come out one by one; the voice of the whippoorwill is heard in the forest, and all that is left us is the promise that another day is coming.

Such is the closing of a good and noble life.

“So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

THE END

LECTURES BY
WILLIAM DARIUS FISHER

From Dawn to Dusk.

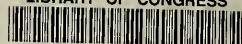
“All the World’s a Stage.”

The Battle of Life.

The South; Old and New.

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